

WHEN THE COLD DAYS COME.

When the cold days come, and the snow falls in the night, when it's good to be by fires that flood the room with light; care not then for sunshine o'er the broad hills streaming bright, when the cold days come, and the snow falls in the night.

When the cold days come, there is pleasure still in store— Though we do not reap the roses, or the daisies any more; But the feet of Love fall lightly where the firelight flicks the floor— And there's pleasure in full measure, and a wealth of it in store!

CAPTAIN FITZ PRIGG.

"Why, general! is that you?" It was I, certainly, but to be brevetted from civil life to high military station without notice, and without the consciousness of having done anything to merit the promotion, took me a little aback. It was my first visit to New York, but I had read enough about metropolitan tricks upon travelers to be on my guard. I supposed, in short, I had had my eye-teeth cut—theoretically, at least.

"You are in error, sir," I said; "I am not the gentleman you take me for."

"What! not General Flayem of—?"

"My name is Hay," I replied—"Timothy Hay from—"

"Well! I never was so mistaken! Do you know," the stranger continued, "you and my friend, the general, are as like as twins? But I beg your pardon, sir—no offense, I hope."

After all, there is something flattering in being taken for a distinguished person. The gentleman seemed so mortified, moreover, at his blunder that I could not help softening toward him. Indeed, I felt half way inclined to apologize for my identity. The least I could do was to invite him to "take something." He knew a good place, and thither we adjourned.

"By the way," remarked my new acquaintance, as we clicked glasses "being from—you must know my old friend, Judge Wiggins."

Now, it happened that I did not know the judge, but it would never do to let on I didn't, for he was the leading man of my state. So I put on a bold front and said:

"Intimately."

Forthwith we proceeded to expiate on the judge—in fact, exhausted him—agreeing, in conclusion, that he was the properest man in the nation to have been chief justice, and that it was a burning shame that his claims hadn't been recognized.

Captain Fitz Prigg—that, I learned, was the strange gentleman's name—I soon discovered, had an extensive acquaintance with our public men. From the president down through the heads and tails of departments to the newest congressman, he knew them all. I think I learned more of American biography from the captain, as we stood chatting over our toddy, than I had gathered from all my previous reading.

"But I was just on my way to dine at—'s," said the captain; "best restaurant in the city—would be delighted to have your company. It's so rare that one meets one with whom one finds it a pleasure to converse."

I modestly tried to excuse myself; but the captain pressed his invitation so warmly that it would have seemed rude to persist in declining. So I suffered him to take my arm and lead me away simultaneously with the beginning of an elaborate disquisition on general politics, which lasted till we reached our destination.

The captain had not overrated the merits of—'s. The dinner we sat down to could hardly have been surpassed, either in the luxuriance of the dishes or the elegance of the serving. Captain Fitz Prigg ordered everything on the most magnificent scale. He must have a long purse, I reflected, to stand this sort of thing often. And how the captain sparkled as we feasted! I never saw a man who could eat, drink and talk all at once like him. He could expound the Virginia case with his mouth full of grouse, discuss backpay while masticating canvas-back and guzzle while doing all the rest.

"Pardon me a moment, Mr. Hay," said the captain, finishing his coffee and rising; "I see one of our city missionaries over there, and must give him something. I make it a point, in my humble way, to neglect no opportunity of doing good. By the by—taking out his wallet—"can you change me a fifty?"

I could and did.

"Keep your seat—I shall be back presently," he added, stepping aside and accosting privately a young man whose attire, I thought, would have comported better with his sacred calling had the colors of his waistcoat been a shade more subdued and the stripes on his trousers a trifle less complicated.

The two withdrew by a side entrance. My friend, it was evident, was not one of those who give alms to be seen of men, but belonging rather to that class whose right and left hands, in matters of charity, are on terms of no particular confidence.

The captain's stay was more prolonged than I had expected. To pass the time I glanced over the evening paper, but found it dull after my friend's sprightly conversation.

It began to grow late, and the waiter approached with the bill. "My friend will settle it," I said; "he has just stepped out, but will be back in a moment."

"You and he can arrange that afterward," replied the waiter, "but it's our time for closing."

I felt rather embarrassed. The bill was forty-eight dollars and a fraction, and I had but little over that amount with me. However, I felt confident that the captain would make it all right. Though he had not given me his address, he knew at what hotel I was stopping.

I laid the fifty-dollar note I had received from the captain on the salver on which the bill had been presented, and waited for the servant to bring back the change. Instead of bringing it, he returned with a request that I would please step to the cashier's desk.

"This note is a counterfeit," said that functionary.

"That can scarcely be," I answered. "I got it from a friend with whom I dined here this evening."

"Then your friend will doubtless make it right with you. The bill is certainly counterfeit, and we, of course, can look only to you."

"But I—I haven't enough of other money about me," I stammered.

"Then this gentleman must do his duty," returned the other, as a bluff-looking person—the house detective, as I afterward learned—approached and laid his hand on my shoulder; and without further ceremony I was marched off to the station house.

I couldn't believe the captain had played me false. He had probably been himself deceived in the note, and had put it off on me innocently. His failure to return promptly had likely been occasioned by the necessity of discussing some benevolent project with his missionary friend. He would be sure to come to my relief as soon as he learned the unpleasant predicament I was in.

And sure enough, when I was taken to the police court next morning the first man I saw there was the captain, waiting my arrival, no doubt. He and his reverend friend were in the midst of an ill-looking crowd, on which the latter, I thought, might have bestowed his missionary labors with profit.

I was overjoyed to find my estimate of the captain verified, and hastened forward to take his hand. I was surprised that he should turn aside his head without speaking. He was overcome by his emotion apparently. A second look revealed another cause. He and the missionary were handcuffed together.

A few words from a keen-looking detective explained matters. He knew the captain to be a noted "shover" of the "queer;" had witnessed his meeting with me; had followed in our wake the whole evening; had sat at an adjacent table when we dined; had seen me victimized with the false note, and had followed and arrested the captain and his accomplice, on which he had found plenty more of the "stuff."

I was released, of course, and left New York resolved, if I ever returned, to be more careful of making friends at first sight; and above all, of accepting invitations to dine with the fascinating friends of judges and generals.

Honors for a Three-Year-Old.

It may be a good joke to have your little boy's name appear in the city directory, but there are unavoidable penalties connected with the matter. The parents of a little lad whose name got into the directory through the "smartness" of a hallboy, had to appear several times before the commissioner of jurors, whom they finally convinced that a three-year-old could not do justice to the responsible position of jurymen.

Then they were compelled to make a statement to the tax commissioner after the child had been taxed on \$20,000 personal property, and now the joke looms up once more in the shape of a notice from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to the effect that the tot had been proposed for membership.

He received notice that he and his family would have free admittance to the museums on pay days, that he would receive invitations to all receptions, lectures, etc., and that his dues were payable by check, etc.

His parents have declined the honor.—New York Tribune.

The Last One as Usual.

A California man was standing near a hen coop in a San Francisco market when a hen pecked his diamond pin from his scarf and swallowed it. There were five hens in the coop, and as he could not identify the miscreant the owner killed them all, the pin being found in the last one executed.

An international exhibition of postal cards was held in Zurich, Switzerland, during September, 1898. More than two thousand different cards with views of Switzerland were exhibited.

WOULD CALL US "USANS."

Britisher Thinks "Americans" Not a Definite Enough Name.

A correspondent of the Westminster Gazette considers that it takes too much exertion and ink to speak and write the citizens of the United States of America, and he suggests, inasmuch as in manuscript it is customary for brevity to print three letters, "U. S. A.," for the "United States of America," that the republic be called "Usa" and its inhabitants "Usans." He argues that there are twenty separate nations or governments in America, the same number as there are in Europe, and that it is as absurd to call citizens of the United States exclusively "Americans" as to have the word "Europeans" apply solely to Spaniards. The correspondent concludes by saying that "if one or two of the daily papers would make use of the word 'Usa' when alluding to that part of America which is comprised in the United States, the word 'Usa' would be found so convenient that it would very quickly be generally adopted."

This is not the first time that the question has been raised as to a more fitting name for the inhabitants of the United States, and the proposition to call us Columbians has been more or less favored; but really there does not appear to be any necessity for a new name. Technically, to be sure, "Americans" is not distinctly graphic, as there are other Americans outside of the United States, but custom has settled upon giving our people the distinctive title of "Americans," and it answers all practical purposes. It certainly is to be preferred to "Usans"—Phoebus! what a name!—and our people have come to like it. They won't give it up willingly or without a struggle. As for "Usans"—pish! better "Weenans." There is something that smacks of the soil in that, though perhaps you-uns on the other side might not be able to appreciate its fitness.

How to Open a New Book.

"Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so go on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the centre of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back; if it does not yield to gentle opening, rely upon it the back is too tightly or strongly bound."

A connoisseur many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding just brought from the bindery ready to be sent home; he, before my eyes, took hold of the volume and tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the centre and exclaimed: "How beautifully your bindings open! I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume, and it had to be rebound."—Modern Bookbinding practically Considered, by William Matthews.

For Round Shoulders.

A physician recommends in the Boston Herald the following exercises for the cure of round shoulders:

1. Raise arms before your shoulders high, extend arms sidewise, throw head back, straighten head, move arms forward, lower arms, repeat ten times.
2. Stand erect, raise arms before you, rise on tiptoes, then throw arms as far backward as possible, sink again on heels and drop arms to sides, repeat ten times.
3. Raise arms with elbows bent, shoulders high, bringing palms together in front of face, then with elbows still bent swing both arms backward as far as possible even with the shoulders, palms looking forward. Repeat several times, but not until it becomes fatiguing.

Another simple movement, designed to bring about a correct position of the shoulder blades, consists in holding a wand with both hands, throwing the head back and carrying the wand from above the head, back and down the hips.

A Lilliputian Watch.

A Berlin show window has the distinction of displaying what is said to be the smallest watch in the world. The diminutive timepiece, which is less than half an inch in diameter, was made in Geneva, Switzerland, a place famous for its watches. The works of the midget machine comprise ninety-five separate pieces, and the whole structure weighs less than a gram. The exact dimensions of the watch are: Diameter, .4137 inch; thickness, .1182 inch; length of the minute hand, .63156 inch; length of the hour hand, .05122 inch; weight of the mainspring, .5302 grain. The watch will run for twenty-eight hours after being wound up, the balance wheel making 18,152 revolutions in an hour and traveling over forty-four and one-half miles in twenty-four hours. The watch was made by specially manufactured tools, and its price is \$1250.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A first-rate collection of insects contains about 25,000 distinct species.

Astronomers tell us that in our solar system there are at least 17,000,000 comets of all sizes.

An elephant is possessed of such a delicate sense of smell that it can scent a human being at a distance of a thousand yards.

Loss of sleep most frequently results from overwork of either mind or body; overstrain of either kind dilates the blood vessels of the brain and eventually paralyzes them, extreme cold producing the same results.

A German biologist says that the two sides of a face are never alike; in two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten; and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

The closing of the leaves of plants as the evening comes on was at first supposed by botanists to be due to the difference in temperature, but on transplanting the plants into a hot-house it was found that the same phenomenon occurred, the leaves closing at sunset.

Herr Puluj calculates that the oscillations from a Leyden jar are from one hundred thousand to one million per second, depending on its size, but in order that the electric rays produced thereby should become visible as red light the number of oscillations would have to be increased to 400,000,000.

TATTOOED THE SOLDIERS.

A Former Sailor Makes the Rounds of the Military Camp With Profit.

Michael J. Butler has just returned to his home at Reading, Pa., relates the New York Sun, after making the rounds of various United States camps. Butler is in the tattooing business. He found trade among the soldiers very remunerative. At Camp Meade he had the pleasure of tattooing a snake around the neck of a Massachusetts captain. Butler has the back of his dog shaved, on which is tattooed the Havana horror with the watchword "Remember the Maine." The dog goes around with him. This successful tattooer is barely thirty-five years old, but of his fifty, and has been around the old. He carries a book of samples of tattoo emblems with the price of each attached. There is one picture to every page, nicely colored, and the line embraces goddesses of liberty, flags, eagles, United States coats of arms, Cuba's flag, warships, anchors, dancing girls, crosses and all the stock pictures that have been tattooed on men for years.

At Camp Meade, Butler says, he was very successful. The price runs from \$1.25 to \$8 for each job. He gets \$10 for tattooing a snake coiled about a man's neck. He has made as high as \$3 a day.

Soldiers have plenty of time in camp, and they take to tattooing, especially if they are not laid up by the operation. Patriotic emblems in colors are mostly in vogue among the soldiers. Butler hands around his sample book. The soldiers examine the colored pictures with prices attached, and select what they want. Cash in advance is the rule. Butler drew the pictures in the book and colored them himself. In this way he can guarantee an exact duplicate in his tattoo work. The other day, he says, he tattooed the face of a man's wife on his breast. Butler was a sailor in the Samoa disaster.

How to Get an Appetite.

An eminent physician in Washington has started a new fad. A gentleman went to the physician with a disordered liver. "Bide horseback," was the physician's advice. The patient, being a man of moderate means, could not afford a horse.

"Well, you can get exactly the same motion you get on a horse by walking down stairs," said the physician. "Go over to the Washington monument every morning for a week, take the elevator up and then walk down."

The gentleman did so. At the end of the week he reported an appreciable improvement. He is keeping up the treatment. Moreover, others with a similar affection have been induced to join him in his daily ascensions to the top of the monument by way of the elevator and his descents by way of the stairs. While Washington is the only city which has a Washington monument, nearly all the big cities have sky-scraping office buildings, where the same results can be obtained.

"Always ride up and always walk down," is the Washington physician's advice.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Wait-a-While Protested.

On the railway between Berrigan and Fieley there is a station named Wait-a-While. The railway authorities in Sydney have long regarded this appellation as a fearful satire on their operations. And they intimated to the residents of the district a desire to alter the name. This proposal resulted in violent protests from Wait-a-While. The parties have been in severe conflict for some time, but ultimately the commissioners have given way, and the romantic cognomen will stand.—Sydney Telegraph.

A LAY OF THE GOLF LINKS.

It's up and away from our work today, For the breeze sweeps over the dune; And it's lay for a game where the grass blossoms flame, And the bracken is bronzing to brown. With the turf 'neath our tread and the blue overhead, And the song of the lark in the whin; There's the flag and the green, with the bunkers between— Now will you be over or in?

The doctor may come, and we'll teach him to know, A tee where no tannin can lurk; The soldier may come, and we'll promise to show, Some hazards a soldier may shirk; The statesman may joke, as he tops every stroke, That at last he is high in his aims; And the clubman will stand with a club in his hand, That is worth every club in St. James'.

The palm and the leather come rarely together, Gripping the driver's haft, And it's good to feel the jar of the steel, And the spring of the hickory shaft. Why trouble or seek for the praise of a clique— A creak here is common to all; And the lie that might sting is a very small thing, When compared with the lie of the ball.

Come youth and come age, from the study or stage, From bar or from bench—high or low! A green you must use as a cure for the blues— You drive them away as you go.

We're outward bound on a long, long round, And it's time to be up and away; If worry and sorrow come back with the morrow, At least we'll be happy today. —From A. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action."

HUMOROUS.

Smith—It is the unexpected that always happens. Horrigan—Yis; unless we are lookin' for it.

Quizzer—Is he so very intelligent? Guyer—Yes, indeed. They refused to let him serve on a jury.

"Do you own your own house, Tweedles?" "No; we've had the same cook for seven years."

Uncle George—So you really think you love the girl? Harry—Love her? Why, I actually enjoy her mother's company.

Tommy—Paw, how did lead get its name? Mr. Figg—They tried to make nails of it, but found that it could not be driven.

The wind across my chimney, Waives no depth of joy in me; For I know that its wild singing Makes my coal bins bigger be.

"No; I never carry my business into my home." "What is your business?" "I am the proprietor of an intelligence office."

He—I don't believe you can tell who is to be my wife. She (blushingly)—You haven't asked me yet. And what is more he didn't.

"I hear that you have got a job at last, Billy." "I have secured a position, Jim." "How much pay do you get a day?" "My salary is \$1.25 per diem."

"The Chuzzletops beat the world in economy." "What do they do?" "When Chuzzletop has a cold he doesn't get his prescription filled until his wife gets a cold, too."

"Mr. Yabsley, may I ask why you always dip your knife in your glass of water before cutting your steak?" "It is a little trick I learned from a fellow who worked in a rubber factory."

Wherlmen are fast, but in wit they are slow, Although I can't say they're sodead. A tack in the road is a joke, you know, But they don't see the point till too late.

"I would die a thousand deaths for you," said the villain in his most silken tones. "I fear me much," said the heroine, whose angel's love was growing cold, "that the piece will not run that long."

"I say," said Fuddles, who sometimes thinks he is smart, "what sort of fruit can you raise on an electric plant?" But Faddles, who also thinks he is smart occasionally, promptly replied, "Currents."

Two ministerial candidates named Adam and Low recently preached in a Scottish church. Mr. Low preached in the morning, and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?" He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation was much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached, and took for his text, "Lo! here I am."

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe-store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

St. Louis Duck Hunters.

There are a number of men in St. Louis who go duck hunting without guns. They own Irish setters or spaniels that retrieve from water, and they sometimes secure as many as four dozen ducks in a day which have been killed or crippled by hunters who failed to find them.

His Only Chance.

Mrs. Peck—Henry, I wish you would break yourself of the habit of talking in your sleep. It's very annoying.

Mr. Peck—But, my dear, you surely wouldn't deprive me of my only opportunity, would you? —Chicago News.